

RECKLESS RALPH'S

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

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A YANKEE HATER A REGULAR DIME NOVEL STORY

by J. H. Ambruster

This is a story about an eccentric character in a Rocky Mountain mining camp half a century ago. Real names are not used; even if they were, all of the principals are dead or forgotten, just as are the erstwhile bustling towns and villages now, with few exceptions, "Ghost towns." The few still remaining have populations of perhaps one per cent of former numbers, and have assumed vastly different modes of existence, such as winter playgrounds for skiing; others for dude ranches, where nearby terrain permits of such activity, and still a few others where some half a dozen old-timers, too indolent to move, hang on and make a precarious living by fishing or hunting. In many instances railroad tracks have been torn up and rights-of-way transformed into modern paved automobile highways.

Who has not heard of the much publicized "Calamity Jane" of pioneer days? The star of this tale was a duplicate-type of the famous Jane in some respects. She did not tote a gun, like the original, but was just as terrifying in her defiant way, with a biting tongue and antagonistic manner toward everybody, especially those of American birth. In pioneer settlements surnames were seldom used; everyone was known by first name, including the few females among hordes of rough-and-ready male prospectors and adventurers. So we will call this person, "Polly."

As to appearance, Polly had a head of frowsy, unkempt, coal-black hair, (which suspiciously looked as though it had regularly undergone the dyeing process), wild piercing eyes, and she would readily remind one of frightening pictures of wild witches which some remembered from childhood days. Although Polly considered herself very wise, she was an illiterate, ignorant person of the class of those who drop their initial aitches and insert them where they are not intended. She asked nothing better for herself than to be left strictly alone. She kept closely to herself, visited no one and no one visited her. Women, there were half a dozen within the radius of a mile or so around the "diggings," gave her a wide berth, looking upon her as a creature not of their own kind. Men likewise feared her wild staring eyes, masculine features and determined jaw, all of which were good reasons for keeping her at a distance. In the course of at least two years she was not known to have left the confines of her work, or to have gone to the village a mile or so distant. English born and employed by an English company, she felt it her duty to keep a watchful eye over the interests of her employers, even to the extent of threatening to "write to the Company in Hengland," on the slightest provocation, which however, it was not known that she ever did;

had she done so, it is doubtful as to whether her letters were legible enough to read or to be interpreted.

For instance: One time she threatened to "write the company" because she thought that one of the officials slept too late mornings, which of course delayed her breakfast work. At another time she bluntly said to Tom, the timekeeper, a younger man who seemed to be one of her confidantes to whom she frequently went with her troubles, or to ask a favor of him, "I'm goin' to write the company about you." "What have I done?" asked Tom; to which she replied: "You're killin' the 'orses, ridin' around here and there like a wild Injun. The Company in Hengland don't spend its good muneys for 'orses for youse Yankees to be ridin' to death." "All right," said Tom, "when you are ready I'll help you write the letter." About a week thereafter, apparently having forgotten all about this threat, she asked in a most pleasant manner, (which she could assume when a favor was to be asked), "Tom, are you busy today?" "No, not very," was the reply; (diplomatically the answer could not have been otherwise), "what can I do for you?" "Why don't you hexercise the brutes?" she said, "those 'orses are heating their 'eads hoff in the barn. The Company in Eengland would appreciate it if they knew there was a fine young Yankee over here who took enough hinterest in their hanimals to see that they are well taken care of and get plenty of hexercise. Why don't you go down to the post office and have a chat with Limpy Charlie, the Postmaster, and see if there's a letter from your girl, and on the way back, (in a whisper), bring me a couple of bottles of beer?" Here the shoe was on the other foot; the impulse was to say, "I'll write the company first and get their permission," but it was good discretion to keep on friendly terms when any indication of friendliness was shown.

This particular mining project, employing about 100 men, was largely financed by English capital and operated by English management. Among its employees were two women, one, cook for the rank and file of workers, with assistance of husband, daughter and a male combination dishwasher and handyman. The other, Polly, far removed from the bunkhouse crew, was housekeeper and cook for the manager and office staff. Polly was English to the core, and made no bones about her hatred for anything American, or "Yankee," as she termed everything on this side of the Atlantic. She repeatedly boasted that this country belonged to England; that the Yankees stole it from the mother country. She emphatically stated that she had no use for this "bloody country," except for the "munney," and when she got enough munney she would go back to her beloved country and enjoy life, and, she said: "When that time comes there's three nations that will have to take me back free of charge." "How's that?" she was asked, to which she replied: "Well, I'm Eenglish born and they will be glad to welcome back one of their own; then, I served in France as a housemaid and they'll take me back, and the good-for-nothing Yankees themselves will give me a free ticket." "Why will any of these countries do this?" she was asked. "Well," she says, "they allus say they're glad to help paupers get back home again, and that's that." "But you're not a pauper, you have money in the bank." "Sure," she said, "I have munney in the bank, but you fool, I don't have to tell them that." Perhaps she was in need of some educating as to the ways and methods of Customs and Passport officials. If she ever tried this she found out that things did not work out as easily as she had planned.

And speaking of money in the bank; she never handled her own wages; the company mailed her monthly check to a nearby bank to be credited to her savings account; she never needed much money; never left her abode; no place to spend money; never visited or made friends with the few women in the village; they never visited her, if they did it would have been their first and last visit, as she would very frankly have told them that they were not welcome. She would say, "If they come again I'll sick the dogs on to them."

And as to dogs: In those days there was a well advertised rat poison known as *Rough on Rats*; also in pre-lipstick times the word and product, *Rouge*, was more generally used. Apparently, Polly knew more about *Rouge* than she did about *Rough*. One day a pedestrian passed by with a couple of dogs. The dogs, running hither and thither, trespassed on Polly's domain, when she cried in an angry voice, "If you don't keep them dogs away from here I'll give them *Rouge on Rats*."

Women in general were the objects of her special hatred; about them she said disgustingly: "Huh, these Yankee women over here calls theirselves 'ladies'; in Hengland the only ladies there is the wives of jukes and the wives of lords."

Most of the mining work closed down during the hard winter months, but was in full operation during the summer. Early in the Spring she said to Tom her special standby, (so long as he agreed with her), "I've a dollar and thirty-five cents and that'll last me till I see the backs of a lot of them leaving in the Fall," and as she never left the place it was difficult to say where she would find an opportunity to spend that small amount. She was a year-around employee and had no worries about bed and board, and clothing—to all appearances, she never bought any clothing.

One day when no one was around but Tom, who was busy with his accounts, she emerged, all smiles, from her kitchen quarters with a tin box in her hands, (she could really smile when she wanted a favor), and said: "Tom, help me count my munney." "Count your money yourself," said Tom, but ignoring his reply she set the box on the desk between them and with fiendish glee, began her miserly task. There was no real money in the box, simply papers representing cash. Her monthly pay was \$40, an above average sum in those days. Instead of cashing her pay checks, the company mailed them to the bank to be credited to her savings account. In response the bank would send a note for forty dollars, together with a printed form letter stating that the note was enclosed. Now, upon opening the box, she smilingly took out and laid down a note, saying, "There's forty," then a letter accompanying the note, saying, "There's forty more," then another note, and so on. After this was repeated two or three times, Tom said: "Hold on, Polly; you're counting double." "Indeed I'm not," she said, "this says 40 and that says 40." "But," said Tom, "Those two are for the same thing." She insisted that she was right, and Tom said "Let me explain." He said, "Your pay is forty dollars a month; your check is sent to the bank and they return this \$40 note, and this which is only a letter that comes with the note. "But" she said, "this says 40 and that says 40; You go along, I'll count my own money." "You don't think they send back \$80 every time you send \$40, do you? that would be a bad mistake." "If they make mistakes, that's their fault; I can't help that; may be the other 40 is hinterest." A few years later we had one of our customary panics or depressions, when many banks were forced to close; perhaps this bank paying heavy interest, was one of them.

As to the question of employment, she would have baffled present day labor leaders if the questions of seniority or priority arose. She said, (without authority other than her own), "When there is work here, Henglish men come first. There's Mike O'Connor; sure he's Hirish, but Hengland howns Hireland, and such as him comes first. Then there's John 'Ancock from Ovie Scotie, and that's Henglish too. After all those like them have jobs, youse Yankees can 'ave the rest," fully overlooking the fact that not only "what's left," but also the wherewithal which was being taken out of the ground, all came from the much-hated, no-good country which she despised.

At Thanksgiving time the boss and others went to the city to celebrate. The Boss said, "Polly, tomorrow is Thanksgiving day, fix up a nice dinner for Tom, (who was batching in a cabin by himself)." "Indeed I will not, was the curt reply, "Hits nothin' to hus; hits the day the Yankees got the country

from hus," to which Tom replied: "You're mistaken Polly, you're thinking of the Fourth of July." "I'm not," she said, "and it was all on account of that divil of a general that went to a dance and got full and let the thraitor Washington take the country."

And when the Fourth of July approached, one of the men said to Tom, purposely in her hearing: "Tom, you must come up to the Bunkhouse tomorrow, ther're going to have a great time." "What's going on?" was asked. Said the other: "They've got a big mountain lion, and they're going to tie a knot in his tail, with a bunch of firecrackers, light them and turn him loose." Polly flared up instantly and angrily said: "If they do that I'll write the company in Eengland." The lion was sacred to her, whether an American mountain lion or any other kind. A lion was British. On the other hand, the big boss, a very patriotic man, had captured an American eagle. He built a large cage back of the house, with a tree trunk in it. A part of Polly's duties was to see that the national bird received a serving of meat and other food, and fresh water daily. That bird almost starved to death because it was "the hembelm of the bloody country!" In other words the lion was to be adored, revered and kept comfortable, whereas the poor "hembelm" of the other country might suffer and die, and would have died had she dared to have let that happen.

In the winter, when mining operations ceased, Polly alone was in charge, although the teamster with barn and residence a short distance away, was supposed to keep Polly well supplied with wood and water for her own use. One day, approaching her abode after a heavy, driving snowstorm, the teamster found her fully snowbound, drifts reaching to the eaves of the roof and almost completely covering windows and door, with no sign of smoke issuing from the chimney. Shoveling his way to the door, (doors seldom locked in such communities), he found Polly sick abed, fire out and her two dogs worrying for lack of food. Grasping the situation at a glance he said: "Polly, Polly, you look like a very sick woman; why didn't you hang out a towel or sheet or something, or turn the dogs loose with a note tied around their necks? Anything, so I could know and send for a doctor." Very sick she was but not too sick to lose any of her fiery temper, for she quickly replied: "If anny one sends for the doctor, he'll pay the bill. I want no doctors around me." Incidentally, going for the doctor meant a horseback ride of twenty miles to the County Seat, twenty miles back with the doctor through almost impassable snowdrifts; or, if possible to use a buggy, (or buckboard or trap, as commonly called), it would mean a double trip because the doctor would have to be taken home again; that would be 4 times 20, or a total of 80 miles. However, all that did not worry Polly; it was the cost that troubled her penurious mind.

There was no physician in the nearby village and apparently no need for one. When an occasional death occurred, it usually was an accidental one, in many cases due to improper handling of dynamite, (Giant Powder, the local name.) Nor was there a minister available. The highest legal authority was a Santa Claus bewhiskered Justice of the Peace. A young couple wanted to marry, applied to the J. P. who said: "I've had all kinds of cases in my time, from chicken fights, to cattle rustling and claim jumping, but I never tried my hand at tying up a couple of younguns; but I allus say, says I, I can try anything onct." When the time arrived the J. P. was as nervous as any bride could be. He memorized the formula and everything went well up to the last line, when he solemnly said, "And now I pronounce you man and woman." Just what they were before that event, did not matter, nor did either of the principals or any of the spectators object. They were duly married and that was that. The usual standard of men's clothing was jean's overalls, so the groom borrowed a "Sunday suit" from a friend, ten dollars from another, and to the County Seat they went for their honeymoon.

Polly, in commenting on the wedding said: "I was married onct, but the old divil died." Lucky man.

HENTY HINTS #5

by W. B. Poage

I know I may be sticking my neck out but I can take it. I am making the claim that I have the largest collection of Henty in the United States. It may not be the finest but it is a good one. About half or a little more are first editions and 25% fine copies and of the balance, many of them are cheap editions but good. Sorry I have to admit I do have some few shabby ones but am replacing them right along. Have many rare titles and quite a few can be classed as odd ones.

I have in view this time rather than review or describe any Henty book to write only a little article on Henty, so here goes.

A friend writing me quite a while back and he said that it seems to him that if one was not a Henty fan well then they hated Henty. I fail to see this. I don't care for Alger but read him as a boy but I don't hate him and know in his day he was very popular.

Some criticize Henty for always taking young English boys for his heroes. Well he was a big Britisher himself and he was writing for English boys so why should he not have done this.

Some say why did he always or often have two heroes. Well it was the style of that day. Check Read, Fenn, Ellis, Munroe and they all did. Then too there was a great demand for their books and they were selling so well so why should a man change his style, no modern writer would either.

A friend of mine sent me an article a short time back and he seemed to think that Henty be-littled Washington in his *True to the Old Flag*. I have read this book many times and I have always thought that Henty handled this subject pretty well so as to not only please his English readers but also a good story for the American Boy. He avoids the main battles and fighting and makes his story more one of Scouting and Indian fighting, something to always please a boy of that time.

He quotes a statement from an-

other of Hentys books here he says that Cornwallis' Surrender was the greatest disaster that ever befell the English Army. If he had been living after the first World War I wonder if he would have thought the same and if alive now I doubt if he would do so.

I would like to quote an article published in the June American Boy Magazine of 1903.

"Professor A. E. Bestwick, chief of the circulating department of the New York Public Library has gathered some very interesting statistics. He selected ten of the leading authors for young people representative of what is regarded as trashy as well as standard fiction, namely Finley, Alger, Optic, Fosdick, Stratemeyer, Olcott, Munroe, Throwbridge, Meade, and Clarke. Seven questions were asked of ten children, five boys and five girls, in each of the thirteen branches of the Library. The answers to the question brought out the following. Of the sixty-six boys, fifty-eight had read Alger, fifty-two Optic, fifty Fosdick, fifty Munroe, forty-three Throwbridge, forty Stratemeyer, and so on down the line and a considerable less number had read the others. Alger got the highest number of votes in answer to the question, which do you like best. Following him came in order, Stratemeyer, Munroe and Munroe got the most votes for writing the best English. The votes indicated that Alger, Optic, Stratemeyer, Munroe, and Throwbridge are the boys authors, of one hundred and thirty-four, sixty-four had not read a line by Munroe, sixty-nine had not read Throwbridge and fifty-one nothing of Olcott. Alger proves to be enormously popular and as one boy remarked that some people say that Alger books are trash but I don't care they are interesting. Another one of the questions was, name your favorite author not on this list. Henty received twenty-four votes, Richards fourteen, Ellis thirteen, Dickens ten and so down to some writers with only two votes.

Now for not being on the list and not even an American writer, I think Col. Henty did pretty well for him-

self.

Some of the readers I expect do not know that one of Mr. Hentys books was published under four different titles. Three I think under three titles and about eight under two different titles.

I know of fourteen short stories published that were taken from his book length novels.

Henty wrote a lot about the Americas and the United States. I check that there were eighteen book length stories and nine short stories.

Come on fans and give us some information. Who has a copy of Malcolm the Waterboy? And would like to know who has cloth bound copy of Curse of Carnes Hold and who published by.

NEWSY NEWS

by Ralph F. Cummings

Argosy Mag. for Feb. 1951 has top part of picture of the Golden Argosy, Vol. I No. 1 on page 14, with a little article with it, also a full page illustration of the first novel of "A Texas Cowboy," by Chas. A. Siringo, and a 3 page story to go with it. Very interesting, and sent in by H. C. Farmer and Wallace H. Waldrop.

How to recognize a book worm, show 16 different kinds of bugs and worms that destroy your old books and papers, on page 33 of the "Antiquarian Bookman" Jan. 6th, 1951—sent in by Frank Henry.

National Geographical Mag. for May 1950, has illustrations of Pop showing his son copies of the old Tip Top Weeklies, large and small. Sent by Eli Messier and others.

Dell Pub. Co., has brought out a little booklet, similar in size to the old dime novel, etc. Has colored picture on front cover, and sell for 10c.

No. 1. "Trumpets West," by Luke Short. An Indian-fighting officer carries on, facing danger and risking disgrace—Indian Fighting Days in Arizona. 6 numbers have appeared already, they are:

No. 2. Rain, by W. S. Maugham.

No. 3. Night Bus, by S. H. Adams.

4. Locked Doors, by Mary R. Rinehart.

5. The Bride from Broadway, by F. Baldwin.

6. The Wedding Journey, by W. D. Edmonds.

They sure are interesting. I happen to see all 6 of them while up at the magazine store, and as they were so interesting I took all 6 of them.

Charles E. Goodspeed, the Yankee bookseller at Boston, Mass., died Oct. 31st 1950, at the age of 83. He was born at Catuit, Cape Cod, Mass., and got his first job at the age of 14, after graduating from Newton Grammar School. He's been a collector of rare Americana all the rest of his life, collecting Poe and others. Boston associates said two copies of Poe's rare first book "Tamerlane and other Poems," passed through his hands. He later sold one for \$25,000 and the other for \$17,500.00.

The Old Corner Book Store at Boston, Mass., oldest in nation, has been sold to Doubleday & Co., Inc., New York Book Publishers. It was established in 1828 and numbered among its customers such noted writers as Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, and Emerson. Richard F. Fuller, Old Corner president for 41 years, announced the sale of the 122 year old establishment which consists of three stores in Boston.

Waldo T. Tupper, 68, general agent of Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey Circus, died on a train enroute to Los Angeles, from Oakland, Jan. 18th 1951.

Jack Holt, screen idol of yesteryear, died in West Los Angeles Jan. 18th, 1951, of coronary thrombosis, age 62. He was the hard-riding cowboy of both the open and the cinema range. He was born in Winchester, Va. Jack Holt, Tom Mix and Buck Jones made up the big triumvirate of Western films in the movie industry's first quarter-century.

Kansas Raiders, the James Boys, Younger Brothers, Col. Quantrill and Kit Dalton served under Quantrill's Black Flag, appeared at the Plymouth Theatre in Worcester, Mass., Jan. 6th, 1951. Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Wakefield went to see it, also I too went. They were good, very good.

George French writes that he has

an old Singers Journal No. 12 of 1869 published in N. Y. at 81 Nassau St., by Henderson and Halbert. In the back is this ad:

No. 1. The New York Library—Toma-hawk, the Half Breed, by E. James.

No. 2. Felix the Hunchback, or The Mystery, by Roland Quiz.

No. 3. Stoneheart, A Romance, by Gustave Aimard.

George wonders if any of you fellows have ever seen this kind???

George is interested in Adventure Library, who has any, send nos.

Wallace H. Waldrap wants "The King of No Man's Land," by Arthur Friel. Pub. by Grosset & Dunlap around 1924.

George Hess Jr. wants the Red Mask Library, published in Chicago, Ill., and the stories are reprints of Sexton Blake, originally published in London, England. Who has any for sale?

Fred Lee writes in that H. H. Bro. member #75. Chas. H. Johnston, Twin Lake, Mich., has been dead for about 2 years. Fred says he was informed by his wife a short while ago. Thanks Fred, this is the first I've heard, I thought it queer Charles never answered by last letters.

Charles M. Taylor of Phila., Pa., says he lost his wife Feb. 5th, 1950. God bless her always.

Davenport, Iowa

Feb. 26th 1950

BUFFALO BILL'S BIRTHDAY

1846 — 1917 — 1950

COLONEL W. F. CODY,

BUFFALO BILL—

Pae, has, ka

The Great Long Hair

King of The Scouts.

by

Col. C. D. Randolph "Buckskin Bill"
(Poet of the Plains)

Beneath the rugged granite rocks
On Look Out mountain's lofty peak,
In the Rocky Mountain's fastness
Colonel W. F. Cody, Buffalo Bill will
forever sleep.

Where creeping cedar, evergreen,
Juniper, cactus and sagebrush grow,
Mid sparkling mica's glitter

And flowers profusely bloom and
glow.

There the Great Spirit's warriors
Their silent vigilance keep,
Where Paehaska rests
They guard and watch his everlasting
sleep.

A'top this lofty uplift rests
W. F. Cody, Buffalo Bill,
Overlooking yonder plains,
Paehaska's old time hunting ground
Where bear and beaver and buffalo
And savage redskin were slain.

And as the scout slumbers on in per-
fect peace

In the rock hewn depth of his lofty
tomb,

No more to hear the redskin's wild
war cry

The musket's shot or cannon's boom.
While the scout peacefully sleeps
In his wind swept grave,
Where forest's trees sigh and moan
There in the lofty breeze they ever
wave.

Nor' will the pony soldiers bugles
and trumpets blasts
Again call him to arms,
To reconnoiter, scout and guide
And spread savage Indian hostile a-
larms.

'T was out on that Western border-
land

The great scout offered his daunt-
less life,

In battles with savage hostile Indian
braves

He fought heroically with vigor, skill
and strife.

Eternal fame he won in that Old
Wild West

The name of "Buffalo Bill" will never
die,

From his lofty tomb he overlooks the
plains

And bids the West good bye.

A marble shaft stands aloft
In memory, o'er Paehaska's remains,
To mark the grave of Buffalo Bill
The Last of the Great Scouts of the
Plains.

There 'mid the wilderness' creeping
shadows,

Colonel Cody is mouldering to crumb-
ling dust,

Where elk, deer, wolf, panther, bear

and mountain goat lurk
 Rests the scout 'neath Look Out
 mountain's rocky crest.
 With that far away searching look
 Keen and alert was his eagle eye,
 We can not bid to such great heroes
 farewell
 The soul of Buffalo Bill will never
 die.

William Frederick Cody was born
 at Le Claire, Scott County, Iowa,
 February 26th, 1846. He died at Den-
 ver, Colo., Jan. 10th, 1917.

WANTED

THE BRAHMIN'S TREASURE
 (Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1899)
 REDSKINS AND COLONISTS
 (Hurst or Stitt, New York, 1905)
 DUTTON'S HOLIDAY ANNUAL
 (Dutton, New York, 1905)
 Pete Martin
 Saturday Evening Post Staff
 The Curtis Pub. Co., Phila. 5, Pa.

NOVELS WANTED

Any quantity. Must be in first class
 condition. Send list, description and
 price. Wanted for my own collection:
 Any Frank Reade Weekly Magazines
 with or without covers. Any of the
 following numbers of Pluck & Luck
 Weekly 14 50 65 70 76 91 110 118 122
 128 139 146 155 161 166 167 174 225
 278 282.

George T. Flaum

P. O. Box 4041, St. Petersburg, Fla.

"SIDE NOTES"

An occasional paper about old books,
 old printing types, penny dreadfuls,
 Toy Theatres.

J. A. Birkbeck

51 Marchmont Rd., Edinburgh 9
 Scotland

Aeronautical Dime Novels, Balloons,
 Rockets, Planes, etc., wanted by Col-
 onel Richard Gimbel, Hqs. Tenth Air
 Force, Selfridge AF Base, Michigan.

FOR SALE

(Mostly the Stalt and Sautter Collections) all in good condition

Work and Win No. 155 157 160 161 175 183 212 234 248 261 296 319 320 322
 324 326 328 to 332 334 to 343 366 to 372 374 to 382 384 to 388 390 392
 394 to 400 404 406 408 411 to 440 443 to 455 457 to 470 475 479 481 to 486
 490 501 502 505 507 510 512 513 516 to 519 522 to 525 527 533 534 536 to
 539 545 to 554 560 562 564 570 572 573 575 576 578 579 583 584
 590 591 596 597 601 to 606 608 610 to 626 633 635 to 637 639 to 641 643
 645 647 650 651 653 to 657 733 to 739 741 to 752 755 757 to 761 763 to 773
 776 to 781 783 to 792 at \$1.00 each. 796 797 800 to 838 841 843 to 851 853
 to 856 858 to 870 872 873 875 to 882 884 885 887 to 892 894 896
 898 to 904 907 920 to 931 933 to 935 937 938 944 to 952 954 956 958 to 961
 965 967 968 975 979 to 982 985 987 to 989 1000 1011 1026 1028 1049 1072
 1082 at 75¢ each.

Work and Win (small size) 1146 1151 1157 1165 1183 1187 1189 1195 1197
 1201 1205 1207 1218 1220 1224 1227 1233 1235 1237 1240 1242 1244 1249
 to 1251 1255 1258 1262 1266 1283 1284 1288 1294 1296 1310 1312 1314
 1315 1318 1322 1324 1328 1330 1334 1336 1338 1340 1341 1342 1346 1347
 1351 at 30¢ each.

New Tip Top Weekly 14 17 28 29 34 37 50 53 to 55 57 58 60 to 63 65 to 67 71
 to 76 78 to 83 87 to 89 91 93 98 102 108 113 114 115 116 118 119 at \$1 each
 Motor Stories 2 3 5 7 8 11 12 13 15 16 21 at \$1.00 each.

All Sports Library 12 19 33 to 35 38 39 50 to 52 54 55 at \$1.00 each.

New Nick Carter Weekly 360 361 \$1.25; 432 441 443 450 464 504 508 510 511
 518 566 567 568 591 622 631 637 649 650 721 802 808 at \$1.00 each

Might & Main 7 8 10 21 at \$1.25 each. Brave and Bold 218 220 229 \$1.25 each

Ralph F. Cummings

Fisherville, Mass.